OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 17. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, March 14, 1912. Number 49.

The Pines In the Snow.

All nature is rioting out of doors.
And winds are tossing the fleecy snow.
As along the sky they do their cnores.
Clearing the milky-way as they go.

Purer than the babies breath in spring,
Clean as crystal drops of the dew.
Are the fleecy flakes as they lightly cling.
To Sturdy pines, with their evergreen hue.

To watch those pines wave their plumes so white.
In this snowy, wintry, stormy, day.
To see them standing on guard at night.
Like armed knight for the dread affray.

Beautiful touch of old natures art,
Skillfully blending the green and white.
The Master artist ne'er lack's his part:
Garnishing nature with mystic light.

The pines and snow, bring a cheery thought.
In the midstt of cold, and winter's gloom.
We dream of the magic, spring hath wrought,
When flow'rs in beauty, shall rend their tomb.

WM LAURIE HILL
Barium Springs, N. C. Mar. 4th 1912

A FISHER OF BOYS.

By Amos R. Wells, in Classmate.

There was nothing that Chester Bolt liked better than fish. He had fished from babyhood, when he got in his cot and dangled a line over the side. He had fished next with a sapling, a string, and a bent pin impaling a worm. Now he had a fine jointed steel rod, a reel, and he used the most approved flies in the most approved manner. Moreover, he caught his fish.

It was Chester's great delight, after school, to hurry off to Walcott's Pond, a lake half a mile long, on the outskirts of his village of Holcombe. He would jump into his own neatly painted boat—gray, that it might be as inconspicuous as possible, for he feared he might frighten the fish wiih any pronounced color—and with quiet, workmanlike strokes he would make for the spots he and the fish both loved.

Chester did not take other boys with him on these expeditions. They were clumsy. They rocked the boat. They thrashed the water with their lines and sinkers. They talked loudly and even shouted and sang. No! the farther away the other boys were the better Chester liked it. He was very sure that fishing was a one-man job.

But Chester joined the church. He was a very earnest boy, and joining the church really meant consecrating his life to Jesus Christ, who had done and was doing all things for him. He was not the boy to join the church on Sunday and forget all about it on Monday.

One thing he did not forget was this: It was the good custom of the minister, Dr. Bradford, to give a Bible motto to each person whom he received into the church. These mottoes were given orally, but they were also written on slips of paper and handed to each person as they were spoken, so that they might not be forgotten. Bnt there was no danger that Chester would forget his.

Dr. Bradford's selections always fitted those to whom they were given, and as he gave Chester his, a smile passed over the congregation, for the lad's ruling passion was well known. The motto was: "Come after me and I will make you to become a fisher of men."

"A fisher of men!" Chester thought of that considerably as he held his rod out over the clear water of Walcott's Pond, He knew that it was said by Christ when he called his first disciples, and he knew that it meant to go out and win other disciples for the master. But what did the minister mean, pray, by giving such a motto to him?

"A fisher"—that part was alright: Chester was a fisher alright; he was a fisher already. But "of men!" Well, at any rate he would not be expected to fish for men while he was a boy. It would be time enough to settle that point when he grew up.

But Chester's straightforward mind refused to leave the matter there. If it was the duty of Christian men to become fishers of men, why, it was plain as a pikestaff that it was the duty of the Christian boy to become a fisher of boys. Chester kept coming around to that conclusion, and was unable to get away from it.

But how? That was the question. And it was characteristic of the boy that as soon as he had decided that the thing ought to be done, he set to work planning the right way to do it. It would have been easy to wait for Dr. Bradford to set him to work. It would have been easy to pled ignorance and inexperience. But Chester was not a weakling or a coward.

"First, get your bait," Chester said to himself. "Fish are always hungry, but they are hungry for different things. If a fish wants a Parmachene Belle, it's no use dropping a Silver Doctor under his nose."

But after a little more thinking Chester corrected himself.

"No, first decide what fish you want to catch," he advised himself. "Can't decide what bait to use until you know what fish you are after."

So Chester ran over in his mind the boys he know about.

Which one should he fish for? There were all kinds of boys in Holcombe, as in all other villages, large or small. Should he seek out the bad boys or the good that were not church members? Should he fish for the careless or the thoughtful? Should he go after the ugly or the agreeable?

Like most fishers, Chester was particularly attracted by the fish most difficult to catch. If a trout was especially shy, hiding in the deepest pools and only now and then flashing into view, that was the trout he was most eager to add to his string.

It was that way in his new task of fishing for boys. Chester found his mind turning continually to the worst boy in town, Rod Huntington. Everybody said that Rod was destined to State's prison. He was lazy, mean, good-for-nothing. He was always planning mischief and getting other boys into it. It was known that he drank and gambled, and it was very evident that he used tobacco. Chester disliked him from his ragged hat to dirty shoes. But he had admit that no fish in all the Holcombe Pond was harder to catch, and, therefore, he stoutly made up his mind to catch him.

"Now, where do I want to land him?" Chester asked himself in his methodical way. "Of course, not in the church right off; that is out of the question. Shall I try to get him into the Epworth League? or into my Sunday-school class? or into the Audubon Club?"

The last was an organization of boy bird-lovers, who met to study about their feathered friends, and then went forth to make their acquaintance with field glasses.

Chester decided on his Sunday-school class. He shrank at the possibility of introducting Rod among those pleasant worthwhile fellows—it would be like throwing a "sucker" into a pile of trout. But then, he remembered, Rod would have to change considerably before there was the least likelihood of his accepting an invitation to join that class!

Next, Chester had to decide on the bait. That was hardest of all. He cudgeled his brains, but he could not think of a way to approach Rod with any chance of success.

In despair, he remembered how once he had caught unexpectedly, with a perfectly bare hook, a fish for which he had been carefully lowering into the water, in vain, the most tempting bait he could find. Rod might be that kind of fish; he would try him with a bare question.

So the next time Chester saw Rod, he walked right up to him and asked, without leading up to it in any way. "Rod, won't you join my Sunday-shool class?"

Rod looked as surprised as so lazy a boy was capable of looking. He stood with his mouth open as if gasping for breath. At last he drawled out, "Whatd' you take me for? Think I'm a girl? Git out!"

Chester didn't stay to argue the matter, for it looked hopeless. Evidently his fish wouldn't bite at a bare hook.

Well, what next? As our fisher thought the matter over he suddenly remembered the Sunday-school library. This collection of interesting books was his own special delight, and it did not occur to him that it might not be an equal joy to such a boy as Rod. So the next time he saw that young loafer he approached him and said, "We've a capital library at our Sunday-school, and if you'll join our class you can draw out a new book every Sunday. Won't you?"

"Naw!" spluttered Rod, with all the disgust he could put into the word. 'Books! Pigs' feet!"

With that, Rod spat a lot of tobacco juice toward Chester, as if he himself were the despised library.

"Well, books evidently aren't the right bait," Chester was obliged to confess; and it was several days before he thought of pictures. This Sunday-school paper was given out in his school, and Chester didn't see how it could be resisted. "Stupid!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't I bait my hook with it at the start?

Therefore he put a copy into his pocket, one with an especially bright picture right on the front page, and waited for a sight of Rod. On seeing that lovely youth he took out his paper, opened it to the picture, and and asked, "Doesn't that look interesting, Rod? Copy of that paper given you every week if you'll join my Sunday-school class. Better do it, Rod."

Rod looked at the picture carelessly and then contemptuously tossed the paper back. "Nothin' doin'," he said. "No shootin,' no nothing.' Milk an' water!"

As Chester walked off, crestfallen, he reflected that when Rod read at all he doubtless read the trashiest stuff imaginable, and had no taste for anything better. "More bait thrown away," said the fisherman.

How Chester wished that his Sunday-school would get up a picnic! That would probably appeal to Rod, at least the eating part; but no picnic was in sight. He was at a loss. And yet he reflected that every fish is hungry for some sort of bait, if one can only find out what it is; and his failures made him only the more ardent in his desire for that shy fish. So he thought, and thought, and did not forget to pray. Then, one day, he thought of his boat and his fishing rod. "My rod and Rod!" he exclaimed. He did not want to think of them together. He did not want to invite anyone, least of all Rod Huntington, to share his beloved sport; but the more he thought about it the more confident he was that fishing was precisely the bait best adapted to catching the fish he had been after so long.

As I have implied, Chester was no half-way worker; when he went into an undertaking he went into it all over. Therefore, though it meant real sacrfice, he hunted up Rod and asked him, "Won't you go fishing with me to-day, Rod?"

At once the fish nibbled.

"May I use your rod an' reel?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," said Chester heartliy; "you may take my steel rod and I'll take my old bamboo."

"Sure," said Rod; "let's go right away."

Chester had his fish on the line!

Of course that was only the beginning. Chester was more cautious this time, and did not once mention Sunday-school, much less church, all that long afternoon. He talked fish and fishing; and as he knew more about fish and fishing even than Rod Huntington, and as, moreover, he owned the splendid outfit which Rod was delightedly using, he roused in Rod a respect for himself that was very close to admiration. Moreover, when Chester saw how skillfully Rod fished, and how much good sense he showed about the management of the boat, he began to have a real liking for the lad. "Such a good fisher can't be hopeless," he said to himself as he walked gaily home to his supper.

You have seen how Chester got his fish on the line. Can you doubt that he landed it? Of course he did; such determination and fine purpose always win. Before the summer was over, Rod was a member of Chester's Sunday-school class.

What that class and its noble teacher did for God would take a book to tell. It was the talk of all Holcombe at first. Point by point was made over. He straightened up and he straightened out. He dropped his bad habits and he took on good ones. He came to be one of Chester's devoted friends, and when that happened just a word from Chester led him into the Church of Jesus Christ.

That is the way Chester Bolt became a fisher of boys. He liked the sport and baited his hook for many more boys after he had caught Rod. And now he is a man and a splendid fisher for other men. Only the book of the recording angel can disclose how many souls he has led into the kingdom. But through all these years of glorious service he has used no other principles and methods than those he used when as a fisher for boys he caught his first fish.

The Town For Me.

"Well, Tommy, to-morrow is your last day, isn't it?" said Mrs. Burdick regretfully, as she passed a plate of doughnuts to her fresh-air boarder.

"No, ma'm," replied Tommy respectfully, as he helped himself to a doughnut.

Mrs Burkick wrinkled her brow in surprise. "Your two weeks are up tomorrow!"

"Yes, ma'm," replied the boy, "but I've decided to stay in this town, and if Mr. Burdick hasn't a job for me, I'm going to hunt another place."

"But your mother and father and your little brothers?" said Mrs. Burdick.

"Yes, ma'm," said the boy, "it's them I,m thinking about. You see this is the kind of a place to bring up the little fellers in. Down our way beershops are thicker than blackberries in your pasture. That's why pa is what he is, I guess, and I have jest made up my mind that those little fellers, Mike and Jakey, aren't going that way if Tommy McGraw can help it."

Mrs. Burdick's face was bright with interest. "But, Tommy, you're hardly big enough to manage the whole family and move them up here."

"I don't look very big, ma'm, but I'm tough, and ma and me have mostly run the family since the saloon has got to running pa."

"You see," the boy continued, "I figger it this way. If I work hard, mebbe I can save enough after a while to send for ma and the 'kids' and—pa, if he'll come. Then, 'fore they get here I'll get a place for Mike—he's bright as a dollar, and he'll make a good errand-boy after school and Saturdays. Then Jakey can peddle papers like he does now, and ma's a dandy washer, and pa—well, if he's away from his bottles, he'll stick to work. Don't you believe, ma'm, I might make it work alright?" And a pair of very wistful brown eyes looked up into Mrs. Burdicks kindly face.

"It is a big undertaking for a small boy," said Mrs. Burdick thoughtfully, but I believe you can do it, and I'll help you all I can."

It took Mr Burdick about half a second, when he heard the story from his wife, to decide that he needed a boy about like Tommy McGraw to help around the house and barn, and he never regretted his decision. Tommy went at his work with the zeal and earnestness of a grown man, and with the eagerness of a boy. It was a pleasant sight to see the lad, his arms filled with a bundle of cornstalks as large as himself for fodder for the cattle, whistling a merry tune, as if he enjoyed being Mr. Burdick's hired man.

Every cent he earned was carefully saved for the moving of his family, and meantime Tommy visited the business men of the town to see about jobs for Mike and Jakey, and the ladies to secure washings for his mother, until almost every body knew about Tommy's family. To each one he frankly stated his plan: "This town of yours is the place for me and the little fellers to grow up, and perhaps for pa to get a fresh start. If you'll help us come here and live we'll never make you ashamed—that is, ma and me and the boys never will, nor pa, if he can keep away from whiskey."

By the first November Tommy's little hoard was large enough to pay for the railroad tickets and the rent of two little rooms in the rear of an old house. Then it was that Tommy learned that the coming of his family had become a matter of public interest. Various pieces of old furniture, carpet and dishes were offered to furnish the rooms. Housewives discovered that they were overstocked with garden vegetables and could spare a bushel of potatoes, a peck of onions, squashes and various other things to start the McGraw in housekeeping.

When the 3 o'clock train pulled in on the day the family were to arrive an unusual number of people found that they had errands in the vicinity of the station. Everybody who had helped Tommy felt glad they had done so when they saw a cherry-face, brave-looking little woman, in a shabby dress, step onto the platform and throw her arms around Tommy's neck and call him her "dear boy." Mike and Jakey's smiling faces made one man say to another: The 'little fellers,' are worth saving, all right, I guess," and even the dissipated apology for a man whom Tommy called "pa" excited a feeling of pity and interest.

As Tommy promised, he and his family made good." The mother grew strong and happy as she saw her boys growing up in a clean, and safe town, and her husband, separated from evil influences, becoming a new man.—Julia F. Deane, in the Union Signal.

The Supper-Table Trick.

Ask your neighbor at supper if she can place a dime in the bottom of a small wineglass, over which is placed a quarter-dollar, and remove the dime without touching the larger coin

The glass must be one of those which go to a point, so that the quarter is held clear above the dime. She will probably have to own herself beaten. Then you simply blow with as much force as you can master down one side of the glass upon the edge of the quarter. The dime will come flying up on top, forced by the rush of air. You should practice this beforehand, so as to be able to do it gracefully and surely.—Exchange.

The Surprises Of China

China is still proving itself a land of surprises. The revolution came as a surprise to the outside world; at least, its suddenness was unexpected. The formation of the republic was a piece of amazing promptness. The elevation to the presidency of a progressive young man of Western training and a convert to the Christian faith was spectacular and interesting. The steadiness of the hand of Yuan Shi Kai in the negotiations leading to the abdication of the throne and the surrender of the Manchus has been admirable and noteworthy. The next surprise was the resignation of Dr. Sun from the presidency in favor of this older statesman, Yuan Shi Kai. There was real regret over this decision of Dr. Sun, though his unselfish patriotism met with high praise. There seemed to be no reasonable doubt that he could hold the Southern States together in republic, but his ability to hold the North was problematical. Yaun Shi Kai's influence and authority are prodigious, and he could undoubtedly hold both the North and the South to the republican goverment.

Dr. Sun will go down to history as the brave, vigorous, self-sacrificing man who guided the troubled country through the rapids of revolution to the quiet waters of a better and freer national life, and then yielded the helm to another man.

But while praises like this were being sounded for the younger man, the crowning suprise came when the stalwart Yuan declined the honor of heading the new nation. This leaves Dr. Sun a clear field for receiving the popular vote, which will likely be overwhelmingly in favor of his presidency.

It is said that the influence of the Christian missionaries and the Christian schools have been largely responsible for the creation of the new order of things in China. Christianity will make rapid strides in the new republic. The connention just signed at the Hague International Opium Conference will help rid the land of the curse of the opium habit. It is to be hoped that the Christian nations of the world, scorning the aggressive and oppressive spirit of earlier days, will welcome the new China into the circles of civilization and help it to attain and to keep the freedon and light toward which it has so manfully struggled.

Be Greater Than Your Position.

A distinguished theological professor once said: If I had a son, I should tell him many times a day to make himself as big a man on the inside as possible.

Young men too often want to be big men on the outside; to occupy positions which fit them as a turtle's shell fits a clam.

Never mind your positiou, young man. Whatever it may be, try to fill it. The duties which you have to perform may seem trivial, but because it is a small position is no reason why you should be a small man. You may be big inside, you know, if you are CHARLOTTE.

The young man who applies himself in internal growth, as it were, is bound in time to find a place where he will be able to use every power he possesses. At any rate better be a big man in a small place than the opposite. A pinch of powder in a small cartridge can make a good deal of noise and drive a bullet a long way. What can it do in a Krupp gun?—Success.

Progsess in The Hookworm Campaign Accelerated.

Reports from the physicians of the State and from the physician conducting the State and County free dispensaries for hookworm disease show that since the work began twenty one months ago upwards of forty-five thousand people have been treated. Nearly half of this number has been treated in the dispensaries of thirteen counties since July First In the State there are 1800 physicians and 1500 of them are active practitioners, 1200 of them have sent in written accounts of their experience with the desease and 800 of them representing all sections of the State have deen actively engaged in treating the disease, Twenty-five countiess have already made provision for the dispensaries besides those appropriating for the dispnsaries the first Monday in December.

36,000 people have been microcopically examined for hookworm disease. A large number of those treated had such heavy infection that the microcopic examination was not necessary. There is found now little difficulty in securing cooperation on the part of the peaple and county commissioners where good results of the work can be seen or heard of.

Out of eternity a new day is born.

Stand still and consider the wonderful works of God.—Job 37:14.

Preseverance is sometime equal to genius in its results.—Fields.

What is knowledge but recorded experience?

From the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.—Thomas Carlyle.

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WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

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PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

REV. W. T. WALKER, Supt. and Treas.

Barium Springs, - - North Carolina.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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Thursday, March 14, 1912

A DOG LAW WANTED

The people of Iredelll we believe want a dog law, the people of North Carolina want a dog law, for the lack of such a law has almost de-populated this good commonwealth of sheep.

There are no better sheep walks anywhere, than in the tablelands and vallies of more than half of our State, and yet it is a rare sight to see a large flock of sheep.

It is all owing to the troops of mangy curs that are not worth their salt, that infest the land. It seems that the poorer the man in our State, the more dogs he keeps, and for a man who owns sheep, to wake up in the morning and find the pick of his flock slaughtered by these worthless dogs is too much for the patience of Job, and calls for a law that shall limit by taxation, the dog privilege in this State.

A good dog is a good thing, but a multiplicity of dogs is a great nuisance. In behalf of those who would like to enjoy a juicy mutton chop or roast occasionally, we call upon our next legislature to give us an effective dog law.

OVERWEENING AMBITION.

Perhaps one the most stricking examples of conceited ambition fumished us to-day is in the person of our late President Theodore Roosevelt.

There is a man who has been honoured by his countrymen as few men have, and yet his ambition is not satisfied. Whatever he may say in explanation, there are some bald faced facts that cannot be explained, and he stands before the world to-day as a man who for the sake of power, is willing to become recreant to the man he did more to place in the white house than perhaps any other man. Mister Taft does not represent Southern people or Southern policies, but he at least deserves "a square deal" and this to all appearance, Mlster Roosevelt is not giving him.

A great western leader of the Republican party once said "that honesty in polities was an iridescent dream."

Honesty is honesty, whether in polities, religion or anything else, and nothing that is not done honestly should be done at all. As the mouth piece of an orphanage where we are training nearly a hundred boys. We shall ever inculcate the following ideas, and they are; honesty is not relative, but positive. Truth is not flexible but inflexible. Policy should never be measured by a so called success. But by the golden rule.

HONEST GAPITAL IS NOT ASSAILED.

In the contest now going on in this country between the great corporations and the people there is no attack being made on honest capital honestly invested in railways, ironworks machine shops and hundreds of other millioniare corporations that are engaged in the manufacture of Iron' Steel, Harvesters and all sorts of machinery and and implements necessary for the farmer and every other working man who lives by his labor. For years past the protective duties have so high on all foreign made articles as to practically bar them out of the country which gave the home manufacture a chance to sell his out put at his own price.

In this way protection has enabled the home manufacturer to pile up his profit and to grow so rich as to be able to demand a most unreasonable per centage upon his invested capital. Much of that capital npon which he demands large dividends is impnre water. Several independent companies will combine placing their different plants into the pool at a fictitious value. Then they issue so much stock upon their consolidated plant and figure that the output must pay a heavy dividend upon the whole stock at their own valuation. So that the price of the articles manufactured. Cost the user or consumed just so much more than a just profit, as the added percentage demanded on watered stock.

There is no justice or honesty in this and the people are getting tired of being robbed in this systematic way. So the fight is on and the United States Goverment is taking a hand simply because justice and honesty demands it. The latest move by the Democrats is an attempt to put raw sugar on the free list and to include in the income tax all indiviuals as well as the corporations that have an income of over $5000 a year. This is fair and just and right. It takes one hundred and seven millions of dollars tax off of a prime necessity gives all the people a reduction of at least one and a half cents a pound on sugar- while the capitalist and man of large income is made to share as he has not hitherto done, in the burthens of the government that gives him so much protection.

This struggle between the over capitalized concerns in this country and the people must go on until a proper adjustment is reached and some protection is given the now unprotected people.

Anvil Sparks

Spitework draws hateful paychecks.

Many a ready tongue is not ready to stop.

All make mistakes, but fools practice them.

It pays well to toil hard to support a life that means something.

You cannot march the heavenly way very rapidly to a melaacholy tune.

The advice you keep is more respected than what you just give away.

Retaliation impoverishes, reciprocity replenishes' generosity enriches the soul.

The woman who stays away from church for the want of a new coat to wear has probably never thought of wearing her religion as a cloak.

The One Talent Man

Better one diamond than a thousand shining particles of dust The world has a welcome and a place for the man and the woman of the single taleant, while the one with many accomplishments often fits nowhere particularly, seldom makes any very deep impression upon the age in which he or she lives, contributes little to the advancemeut of civilization and drops out at last to be forgotton quickly by the hurrying throng.

The tendency of school and college life to-day seems to be toward giving young men and young women little of everything and not much of anything. Often it is considered a disgrace to omit some of the branches of study ordinarily and to spend more time on others. The vanity over an "all around" education which begins in school oontinues in after life and spoils many a good business or professional career.

The same distraction or division of aim and effort which causes the young men or young women to fritter away the best years of preparation, and to falter on the threshold of life, causes the business man to lay out his plaus on too vast a scale, and the man or woman of brilliant ability to attempt too many things at one time. They swell with a sense of their breadth, and reach, and versatility. They can do almost anything, and as a result they cannot make up their minds exactly what they want most to do or what special place they intend to fill, and so they do nothing. Like the cow that stood midway between two stacks of hay unable to decide which to choose be cause both looked so good. and so starved to death, these men of too many talents fail to grow great on any one of them.

The one talent man has been regarded as less favored than the ten talent man. In the Bible parable he so regarded himself, and laid away his talent in a napkin. Waste no pity on yourself, or any man, if there be only one talent entrusted. That one talent may be, and should be the direct means of enriching and glorifying life for yourself and for all those whose lives touch yours.

One talent is enough to keep the longest life busy every moment. It can never be developed or perfected to a point where there is nothing beyond. To get the most good and do the most good with this one talent calls for the concentration of every energy and the consecration of soul and body.

Much that is good and attractive must be sacrificed, many prizes must remain unsought if we are to gain the one highest excellence of which we are capable, and win the one prize of our own particular high calling.

Versatility is the twin sister of mediocrity. A wide variety of accomplishments may help to pass the time away pleasantly, but in most cases will effectually prevent the accomplishment of any one great work. we want fewer human kaleidoscopes scattering their dazzling talents over many pretty fragments, making a gorgeous display for an instant, then another, and another, all different, all transient, all purposeless. We want more human burning-glasses, gathering all the rays of their ambition, their enthusiasm, their time and energies upon the focal point of their lives—the one thing most worth while which they have chosen. Then with Paul they can say: "This one thing I do." All new and distracting interests that tempt them into by-paths and threaten to dissipate their energies, weaken their resolve, or dim their vision can be met with the test question: "What is that to me? Will it help or hinder the thing to which my life is dedicated?"

Begin with a right choice of goal. Concentration upon a wrong purpose is a blasting, withering curse to any life. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." There are many gods set up in the countinghouses, the factories, the halls of legislation, the editorial sanctums, the homes, and the fields of sport. Select your object and concentrate your forces upon it. Baal's prophet had concentration a plenty when they "cried aloud and cut themselves with knives and lancets till the blood gushed out upon them," calling upon the name of Baal "from morning until noon." Their only trouble was that they had chosen the wrong God. Men and women are doing very much the same thing now, and, beg ginning with a wrong choice, their frenzied, concentration in business, or politics, or pleasure is both self-destructive and hurtful to others.

Be sure that the choice of purpose and work represents the best that is in you and stands for your highest ideals. Be sure that it is not your choice alone, but that it is in obedience to the commission given you by your King. Then, with all of life's forces concentrated. with all life's enthusiasm burning warm and steady, with the soul ever rising upward with exalted effort, go onward toward the crown of the victor and the sweet music of the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

In the British Museum two men were once overheard discussing some Egyptian coins.

"Them there," said the first man, "must be three or four hundred years old, eh, Bill?"

"Three thousand more likely,' estimated his companion.

"Aw go on Bill! Why, we're only in 1910 now."—Everybody's Magazine.

Is'nt it The Trut.

An old Darkie named Chis, Avery was an original and could say some shrewd things. One day a gentleman rode a handsome bycicle to the place where Chis worked and seeing the wheel and there being no one in sight old Chis thought he would take a ride. So mounting the weeel he started down a hill at a rattling pace the wheel got away with him and pitched him about fifteen feet away in the corner of the fence skinned his shins, and otherwise knocked him up. He crawled up the hill, put the wheel in place, and said to his old colored lady friend "now Cud dat wheel wasn't doing a thing to me I had to go an mess wid hit an hit ni a mort kill me. I tell you Cud its worf five dollars ter any man ter tend ter his bizness." Chis was right and a great many people in this world would do well to take his lesson to heart.

Are you in trouble? Look to that friend that sticketh closer than a brother, who declars, "Lo I am with you always, even to the end of the world." In Him you will find a comforter such as the world cannot give.

John R. Mott says "the unconquered temptation means sure disaster sometime." It is indeed perilous to allow any temptation to remain unconquered. And it is not necessary to do so.

That there should no man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tradegy. —Carlyle.

You will never succeed if you spend half your time telling what you are going to do and the other half in explaining why you didn't do it.

Nuggets

Time wasted is existence: used is life—Young

Manners are the shadows of virtues.—Sidney Smith.

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.—Shakesphere.

The rust rots the steel which use preserves.—Bulwer.

One wants society;
Another, variety;
Others a tranquil life.—Shelley.

Nothing so much prevents our being natural, as the desire of appearing so.—La Rochefoucauld.

The fact is that no man can step off his own shadow.—Brander Matthews.

Pick my left pocket of its silver dime;
But spare the right,—it holds my golden time. —O. W. Holmes.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions.—Shakespeare.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand.—Ecclesiastdes.

There were no heroeas.
Were there no martyrs.—E. B. Lytton.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.—Stevenson.

It is better to be always on your guard than suffer once.—Latin Proverb.

Be polite; perhaps your family won't mind if you practice on them.—Antrum.

Of every noble work the silent part is best;
Of all expressions, that which cannot be expressed.—Story

Beautiful women without religion are flowers without perfume.—Heine.

Joy is the grace we say to God. —Jean Ingelow.

Those who never do more than they are paid for, never get paid for more than they do.

Life is always new to the new man.—John Burroughs.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, toil for it; if pleasure, toil for it. Toil is the law.—Ruskin.

Animals are such agreeable friends, they ask no question, they pass no criticism.—George Eliot.

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That's the word for it, and no other could apply to the values we give, the variety of goods for your selection and the efficient service at your command. The result is, crowds of shoppers for piles of bargains every day. To make this great establishment stand out conspicuously in the history of this and future generations as an institution whose influence for the elevation of commercial ideas is felt around the country in an ever widening development. Recognizing this, it is obvious that we would sanction no transaction which did not in every way make for the best interests of our customers, should any transaction be found otherwise by any person at any time, it is far from our desire, and will be readily corrected if our attention is called to the matter. New spring goods of every description rolling in on every train, Dry Goods Millinery, Shoes, Clothing, Gents furnishings ect. And in point of variety, style or general appearance cannot be equaled in the southern states. A most cordial invitation is extended to all, to come and see our grand display.

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SELL IT FOR LESS

How to Send Money and Supplies.

All money should be sent to Rev. W. T. Walker, Supt. and Treasurer, Barium Springs, N. C. Money Orders should be made payable at Barium Springs, as this is now a money order office. Money can now be sent by express money order as we have an express office here.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

☞Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintendent.

Our Club Rates.

Single Subscription.....$1.00 per year
5 to 10 Subscriptions....75 cts. per year
10 to 50 or more Subs....60 cts. per year
☞Send in your clubs.

Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.: "I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1912

HOME HAPPENINGS

The Annie Louise girls had a snow feast on last Wednesday afternoon, and our pastor was royally entertained by them. They tell our Editor that the cream was splendid, but furnished us no sample.

We are sorry to record the death at his home in Barium Springs Neighborhood; of Thomas Clodfelter, who died of Pneumonia. Mr. Clodfelter was a good citizen and neighbor and our community will miss him.

Pete is his name, and you will have to go down where turpentine and fat light-ood, grow to match him. Pete is our little brindlebull, that the boys haul wood and other sundries with. They hitch him to a sled or a two wheel cart and he trots along with a pretty good load. Pete is an institution in himself and we should have put him down as one of the workers at Barium long ago.

We notice in the final report of the poultry show in Statesville that our Editors pen of Buff Plymouth Rocks was changed from the first award. The pen was marked first prize: his cockerel was first marked 2nd prize, and afterwards changed to 3rd prize. One hen was marked 1st and afterwards changed to 3rd. We have not asked why? our chickens changed so rapidly in value, they are as good to-day as when the first award was made.

Snow again! and the deepest for several years. It is fully five inches deep on a level, and has furnished more snow balling than the children have had for a long time. We have to be cautions in allowing the sport, for the recent attacks of Pneumonia warn us to exercise all care. If we do not have good crops and an abundance of fruit this year, there is no logical connection between snow and fruit fulness. But snow is a good fertilized, and furnishes as we know, just what causes fruitfulness.

We had a severe accident on on ball ground last week. Edward Strohecker one of our near neighbour boys was playing ball with our boys: he was making a run, and in a quick turn, dodging a ball he fell and broke his thigh just below his hip joint. He had about three weeks before, had another fall, and it is thought that he then injured the limb, and the second fall only broke it. He has been taken to Charlotte for surgical treatment and is receiving the best attention. We hope sincerely that Edward will make good recovery.

The Young Girl's Society of the Cannonville church was organized April, 1, 1911 by Mis Agnes and Mrs. J. C. Query with four charter members and under their directions it has grown until now it numbers twenty seven. We have a very interesting meeting every month at the home of some member of the society. At the last meeting the mite boxes were opened and the sum of eleven dollars was raised for the Orphanage at Barium Springs.

L. D. Treas.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of eleven dollars for our Orphanage, from Miss Lizzie Dalton Treas of "The Young girls Society" of the Cannonville Church Concord N. C.

Our Printing office boys are happy over the starting of our engine, and a resumption of power. Once more we can run our own press, and dont have to haul the forms over the muddiest piece of road in the State. That Freeman's lane, is one of the strongest tests of christain grace that we know of. There are ruts in that road, you could bury a man in, and one day last week our old mule Dock, almost refused to pull the wagon out of a hole, and he is no baulker either. Our road men are flanking Freeman's lane, and we see where they are wise. And the new overhead bridge, will save one crossing of the railroad. Hurry up the work, for between us and anywhere is mud! mud! mud!

Perhaps no improvements have ever been undertaken anywhere on North Carolina sod that had as many drawbacks as the getting of Water, Lights and Sewerage at Barium Springs. We got our supply of water all right more than three months ago, then came the freeze that burst the down pipe of our water tank and let out all our water. That pipe is still out of commission owing to the difficulty in getting such work done in such cold weather as we have had. The absence of water connections has delayed our getting a flow of water in the buildings and we have been glad to get water enough to wash face and hands, much less for an all over bath. The buildings are now all wired and the connecting wires are nearly all placed, so we are hoping to have the Electric lights within a weeks time if we have no further set back. All these delays have been very trying, but we will certainly know how to appreciate the comfort of Water, Lights and Sewerage, when we get them.

We are glad to publish the following timely article from John E. Ray the Principal of our State School for the Blind at Raleigh. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and there is no cure for the totally blind.

NEEDLESSLY BLIND

There are estimated to be one hundred thousand blind persons, old and young, in this country. Not less than five hundred of these live in North Carolina. Had it ever occured to you, gentle reader, that at least seventy-five to one hundred of these need not have been blind—ought not to have, and would not have been—if proper precaution and preventive measures had been employed immedietely after their birth?

"What blindness means to an intelligent, capable man or woman," to quote the words of a blind man who has, in the face of heavy odds, taken his place in the world with signal success, "is something which only the Lord and the devil and those who endure it know anything about; in their blackest nightmares, those with sight can not even imagine it." That it is possible to prevent much of such anguish seems not to have dawned upon the average citizen. Is such ingnorance and indifferance not criminal, positively wicked? Then who is responsible?

From one-fourth to one-third of all blind children lose their sight from what is usually called "sore eyes," "inflamation," etc. This is really "ophthalmia neanatrorum," a germ disease, which can be cured if taken in time and the proper remedies used. These remedies should be applied as soon as the child is born, whether any signs of imflammation are discovered or not The remedy will do no harm; it may save your child's sight.

If the eyes, nose, mouth and ears of every new-born babe should be throughly washed immediately after its birth in a weak solution of boracic acid (borax water), one drop of a solution of nitrate of silver, no stronger than one per cent, put in the eyes, and the child thereafter kept clean, blindness among children in our State would be reduced at least twenty-five per cent. Do you realize what that would mean to the one hundred homes in North Carolina in which there are children "needless blind"?

And are you aware what it would save the State financially to thus preserve the sight of all such children? Not less than $20,000.00 a year. Is it not worth the effort? Then does it not behove every one to do all in his power to spread the information and seek to bless the homes into which the little ones come? Let every mother heed this warning and preserve the sight of her child.

JOHN E. RAY,
Principal State School for the Blind, Raleigh N. C.

The Situation At Barium.

Apropos of some things that have been written by good friends of the Home and of many things that have been said, we think it would be to the interest of all concerned to say a word about the true status. Let us not be misunderstood: we appreciate the fact that these aforesaid articles are in no sense wilful in their misrepresentation, that they have come from some of the best friends of the institution, have been written for the best motives, and contain valuable suggestions. At the same time certain facts can be deduced to show that they are in the main misleading.

The chief interest seems to be centered in the matter of the food that is furnished the children; this is perfectly natural, for everyone recognizes the importance of abundant and wholesome food for growing children. As a frequent guest in the dining-room we can speak from first hand knowledge. We are fully aware of the fact that often something "extra" is put on the visitor's table, but this particular visitor is around so often that he sometimes drops in without previous notice and sees the real bill of fare. To be sure no attempt is made at great variety, and yet even here one with a normal appetite would have little ground for complaint. We venture the statement that in this particular the Home would not suffer greatly in comparison with the family of average means. Then, too, in cooking for a family of two hundred variety cannot have the consideration that it might have in a small family.

But is the food properly prepared? Here again everyone recognizes a difficulty, yet few on the outside can appreciate the exact situation, forgetting perhaps that the work must be done by the girls in rotating groups. However, many of them are already skilled to a degree, and they work under the direction of an excellent matron, who has had experience in similar work, with a special course in diatetics. The equipment in the kitchen has been reasonably adequate and it is being added to from time to time. The present matron has won a good name for herself by her general efficiency and by her "Wednesday dinners", which term does not mean an elaborate spread, but a little more in the way of variety. As to the report that workers in the Home are forced to use a part of their slender salaries in buying food on the outside, we answer that this is entirely voluntary on their part, a matter of constitution, and that these purchases do not consist of the "substantials". The fare in the dining-room is abundant, nor do we entertain any grave fears as to the digestion of the children.

Now a word as to the Support Fund. In a recent communication printed in the church papers, Mr. Walker says: "To be perfectly plain about it we have less money on hand for the support of the Home just now than we have had for sometime", which means that as a provident head of the house he is sounding a note in ample time, not that the situation is already desperate. As a matter of fact there is flour enough on hand to last through March, all paid for, and the basement contains a fine assortment of canned fruits and vegetables recently bought at bottom prices, of a wholesale house in Philadelpha. Everyone will admit that this is a wise investment, especially for this season of the year, and that the great scarcity of such things last year makes such a purchase necessary. We have figures from the office showing that by the end-of February, with all accounts settled. there was about $500. to the credit of the support fund small enough, we admit, in view of the fact that the receipts are always light during the Spring and Summer months. Let us protect this fund and prevent another debt on the institution. It is known to many that $20,000. per year is the amount named for the support of the Home, with its present number. During the year ending October 1st, 1911 the amount spent for support was $19,516.03 in addition to clothing contributed valued at about $715.00 The balance on hand, practically all debts paid, was $336.00. These figures inqicate two things: (1) That the good Presbyterians of North Carolina are not seriously neglecting their orphans, (2) That these same Presbyterians ought to feel easy about the way in which their money is being expended.

One word more. Beginning with February 1st, there was much more than the usual amount of sickness, and words of sympathy, as well special donations, came from different parts of the Synod, all of which are greatly appreciated. But is it true that "there is something inexpressibly sad in the thought of these helpless orphans without the things necessary to make sickness endurable"? It is to the last two phrases that we beg leave to object.

During the recent siege, the infirmary was crowded, especially the girls' ward, and it was necessary to "double up" a little among the small children for a few days, but at no sacrifice of comfort. Two nurses were in atte ndance the greater part of the time and in addition some of the older girls, a skilled physician from Statesville came daily and sometimes twice a day (it should be added that he has a standing contract to come as often as needed), all medicines prescribed, and the regular appurtenances of the sick-room were promptly provided, and the nourishment for the sick was prepared at the infirmary kitchen, as is always the case, and was according to the doctor's orders.

We trust we have not said too much. We have no desire to revive the smolding fires of an old controversy nor do we want anyone to feel too comfortable over the situation as outlined. A wise use will be made of all funds and supplies sent in and it is exceedingly important that churches and individuals continue and increase their support of this great cause that is on the hearts of God's people. We simply felt that in all fairness both the friends of the Home, who have stood by it with their gifts and prayers, and the management were due some such word.

W. M. Walsh.
Statesville, N. C.

FIELD NOTES

Our Editor spent a day and a half in Charlotte last week looking not exactly for "a needle in a hay-stack", but for something just about as hard to find. We need a young man at Barium Springs who is a Presbterian, a a fairly good printer, and one who will take hold and help us make good printers and good christian boys out of our printing class. We got on the trail of one in Charlotte, but he does not live there, and we are negotiating with this young man, and we hope he will undertake the job. Meanwhile, should we fail we hope this statement of our need, will strike the eye of some good man who will apply promptly for the job; for the opening is a good one, especially to a young man.

On last Saturday Chief Justice Clark made a splendid talk to the old Confederate Veterans of Mecklenburg County, in which he gave a complete history of the part that Mecklenburg played in the war between the States. This address is so full of history that it ought to be preserved, im pamphet form and kept in every family in the common-wealth. In the city hall the Daughters of the Confederacy have fitted up a beautiful room for the use of the old Veterans, and the daughters accompanied by Mrs. Stonewall Jackson turned out in full force to hear Judge Clark's address.

Our meeting with Mrs Jackson was a very pleasant one, as we had not seen her for several years, and we were gratified to see how well she was carrying her years, and to note how her face brightened, with the thoughts expressed by Judge Clark, for he touched hallowed memories of "the long ago."

How much of the history of the South is becoming just a memory, and in every State there should be found some man like Judge Clark who will rescue from oblivion the heroic deeds of our people, and put them on permanent record. North Carolina owes Judge Clark a debt of gratitude for his noble and unselfish work; and the only objection we have to Sending him to the United States Senate is: that we can ill afford to spare him from the Supreme Bench.

Wm. Laurie Hill.

What a User Says About Our Ground LIMESTONE

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Yours truly, Frank H. Fleer. [Signed]

Mr. Fleer has used 2200 bags of the 25000 bags we have ground for our farmers this season. Order right now any quantity you may want and let the sweetening of your soil be going on this winter. A home product at low price.

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The Corner for Smiles

She Tried To Obey.

Eddie Foy, at the Lamb's Club gambol in New York, told a Paname hat story.

"A young clerk out my way," he said, "gave his girl a present of a Panama last year. Then, the day before the Fourth, he got a couple of complimentaries for a picnic, clambake and corn roast down the river and he wired the girl:

" 'Meet me at Pier 13 tomorrow morning at 7. Pinic. Bring Panama.'

"The next morning as he stood on Pier 13 dreaming dreams of love, imagining a long, sweet day of billing and cooing, he saw his girl advacing with her father and mother. He was terribly annoyed and on the boat as soon as he could get her alone he hissed:

" 'What did you want to bring the old folkr for?'

" 'Didn't you tell me to bring them?" she replied, and she showed him the telegram, which the operator had made to read: " 'Bring pa and ma'"—Washington Star.

Willis—The old pioneers were wonderful fellows! Gilis—Yes, Just think of men founding cities without an advertising agent or even a slogan! Judge.

Miss Campus Girl—Can we have some space in your paper? Society Editor—What do you want space for? Miss Campus—To publish the doing of our secret society.—Chicago News.

"That was an annoying coincidence," said Mr. Biggins. "It took great tact to manage it." "What's the trouble?" "The pension examiner and the life insurance doctor both called on me at the same time."—Washington Star.

"In some parts of Africa," dilated the returned explorer, "one can buy a wife for half a pint of common glass beads." "Well," replied the fussy old bachelor, "no doubt a good wife is worth that that much."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Seeing is Beleiving.—"Look how ugly you are when you shut your eyes like that."—Pele Mele

Physician—Have you any aches or pains this morning?

Patient—Yes, docter; it hurts me to breathe; in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath.

Phyiscian—All right, I'll give you something that will soon stop that.—Good Housekeeping.

Old Lady (who has lost her bearings) But, dear me! I'm certain that the last time I was here I went that way to Harlem.

Diplomatic Policeman—It's right in the opposite direction, now, mum, Ye'd be surprised at the changes that's been made.—Life.

How To Avoid Consumption. Keep Perfectly Healthy—the Best Defence.

The best defense a man can have against consumption is a perfectly healthy body. We are all more or less exposed to the dangers of consumption much of the time. The dust we inhale is often laden with the deadly germs. The disease may also be transmitted by means of fly infected foods and milk and meat from tuberculous cattle. While these possible sources of infection exist and will probably continue to exist largely beyond our control, we can only do the next best thing which is to avoid the desease despite those conditions.

The seeds of consumption take root and grow in our bodies best when we are physically "run down." It is at this time that our physical resistance is lowest. To avoid consumption, therefore it is of greatest importance that we do not become "run down" by over work, loss of sleep, poor ventilation or intemperance of any kind. On the other hand we should strive to build up a perfectly healthy body by breathing only fresh air and lots of it, by moderate eating, by regular habits in regard to sleeping, eating working and bathing by avoiding constipation colds, malaria hook. worm disease, alcoholic beverages worry or any thing that tends to lower our stock of physicaly vitality. Get the fresh air and sunlight habit. Windows in bed rooms are to exclude rain and snow only and should otherwise be open. Screens are to exclude flies and mosquitoes.

A craeful observance of these seggestions and the unsual laws of hyiene will greatly increase our chances of avoiding the GREAT WHITE PLAGUE.

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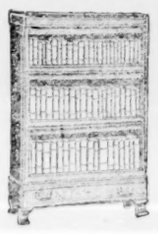

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